

Poetry.

(From "Sonnets," "Aryos," or "Songs of the South.")

If from my heart I tear These.

I. If from my heart I tear these,
Then let them be as light;
And when I meet tomorrow these,
Then most they look like light—
Yet when I turn to look at them,
Then they look like the heart,
Then they look like the heart,
Then they look like the heart.

II. I seek, in other's smiles,
For loves that seem to mine;
Alas! when most beguiling,
Then most they look like mine;
Even brighter beauties only
Reveal me of the heart;
And my heart is ever true,
With another in my arms.

III. If love to me is dying,
Why still to memory cling?
If thus resolved on flying,
Why still look back and sing?
What profits thee to caparison
Yet still to refuse to die?
Forbear the very rapture
That consecrates the sigh?

Address on Music.

By Mr. W. B. WATTS—Delivered at the Catholic Church, Chester, S. C., Sept. 18.

My Respected Audience and Young Ladies, and Gentlemen of the Music Class:

I was not insensible of your compliment in selecting me as your humble speaker for this occasion. I created pleasant thoughts, considering the source from whence it came. Yet, when I reflected that my time was so short—for need I say to this audience, that two weeks was a limited time to a Teacher, whose labors are neither few nor light—I could not but wish that your selection had fallen on some other one. Some one who had both the abilities and time to prepare an Address worthy of the occasion. One which has called forth venerable age with his silvery locks and furrowed cheeks—youth with all his buoyancy, and the three welcome applauds of that sex without whose inspiring influence, "fancy languishes and genius dies."

It is not my intention to discuss the principles of Music—such I would deem preposterous in the presence of you, of you, who amply testified by the manner in which you performed various pieces to-day, that your attention had not only been accurately directed to its principles by him whose pleasure it has been to instruct you, but that you had fully appreciated his instruction.

But I would simply make a few reflections, should they be not new, but true and common, on the uses for which Music is designed and the power it possesses to affect and move the heart. How pleasant to reflect on the advancement of Music within the last century. Yes, it is cheering to every one who feels an interest in the social and moral improvement of the race. And may it still continue to advance until every voice within our churches shall become vocal—every community shall have its well-organized Band. Yea, until through our own groves and upon our own waters shall float strains sweet "as those that charmed the shady groves of Ardenia, or died away upon the slumbering waters of Ezean."

If it is all a fable, my friends, that the harp of Orpheus, by its magic tones, checked the rushing stream—bent the mountain oak, and soothed into subdued softness the raging fierceness of the wildest beast of the desert; it is not a fable that music has had power to stay the rushing tide of human passion, how the haughtiness of the most stubborn heart, and hush into gentleness the warring tumults of the most infuriated mob. If it be a fable that the walls of Thebes rose into beauty and strength at the breathing notes of the Lyre of Amphion; it is not a fable that society in all ages has had the strongest bulwark of its security and happiness erected by the spirit of song. Yes, society is deeply indebted to Music for that contented spirit, that strong cord of social sympathy and ardent love of country, which proves a more powerful safeguard to the liberties of a nation, "than gates of brass, than adamant walls, or the serried ranks of mercenary troops."

It has been a subject of inquiry, how, when and where, did Music derive its origin? When was the time that it might be said, that "the sweet harmony of sound" first captivated the listener? How many were captivated to-day by that, the sweetest of all instruments, to my ear, a Lady's voice? But when was man first captivated? We learn from classic legends, that a man once walking upon the sea-shore, accidentally touched the dried shell of a dead tortoise, and the vibrating tendons, which had become dry and stretched like the strings of a harp, first gave him the idea of Music. Others say the idea of Music was first derived from the blowing of the wind amid the rustling rushes of the Nile. While others say, that as the groves were the first temples of the Most High, the singing of the birds taught man to worship the Creator by praise. While these ideas may have satisfied the mind of a Grecian, Egyptian, or a Poet's fancy, yet I would look for a higher origin and ask not when it first

began. I regard it as Heaven-born. Intuition forces us to feel that it was the breath or rather the aspiration of the first created being. From the very instant our own globe was flung into being, then the morning stars sang together and all the sons, the Angels of God, shouted for joy. And from thence nature has kept up the harmonious sound. Creation is full of Music. There is Music in the roar of the thunder—there is Music in the whispering of the wind—there is music in a schoolboy's laugh—there is music in a Lady's smile. Or, as the poet says: "There's music in the sighing of a reed; there's music in the falling of a rill; there's music in all things." And an echo of the spheres.

Music is then as old as the universe. And the power to make and appreciate music is the gift of a benevolent Creator; and how few have not that faculty? Gardiner in his work on "Music of Nature," says, "what is technically called a musical ear is chiefly the result of cultivation." And in Germany and other countries on the Continent, and also in some of our Northern States, where music is taught in the primary schools, how few are the children that can not sing. And may the day come that it may be taught in our schools as Arithmetic and Geography. It is not only the gift of the Creator, but has been bestowed for purposes of the highest happiness and usefulness. However prostituted, however degraded from its pure intentions, when connected with profane and lascivious verse, yet its design is to elevate, to refine and harmonize the human heart. Nay, to move it to piety and thus lift it up to God. That it has been used with such tremendous influence, in all ages by unholly men for unholly purposes, is a strong argument that it was designed to ameliorate and bless the human race. Would you say that eloquence was not designed as a mighty engine to move men to proper action? Yet tell me, then, historic page, has not eloquence often stirred up nations to civil tumults and deluged whole countries in fraternal gore? Who would say that the Press was not designed as a lever to raise the world to a higher moral atmosphere? Yet the torrents of Babelian falsehood—yea, every breeze that blows from the polluted atmosphere of Uncle Tom's Cabin and other such works, tell us of the baneful effects of a Press desecrated to wicked hands. Would you doubt that the gifts of poetry and fiction were not designed for usefulness? You tell me, then, friend of humanity, has not the poetry of Byron, and the fatal fascinations of Bulwer, corrupted thousands of immortal souls? The fact is this—the use of any instrumentality powerfully effective to immoral ends, instead of immediately meeting with the reprobation of good men, ought to raise the inquiry, might not that same instrumentality be converted to high moral purposes?

Music is adapted, and if adapted, is designed to produce noble and salutary ends. I believe this is evident from the fact, that the desire to make and appreciate musical sounds is as deeply seated as any other. And why this deeply implanted desire by the Creator, if not for benevolent purposes? "There is a power in sound," says one, "which partly from nature and partly from habit and association, makes such pathetic impression on the fancy, as even to delight the wild barbarian!" And while we may doubt whether Blair was correct when he said man by nature was a musician; we cannot doubt it, we must believe there was an age when music did not receive the attention of man. And I would just drop the thought here, that it was during the lifetime of Adam, that Jubal, "the father of all such as played on the harp and organ," followed his profession—the first professor of music living in the same society with our first parent!

Then, my friends, we should encourage a Music School, not only because it may be a place of sweet association, or be made susceptible of cultivating the secret feelings, or a channel of moral influence; but we should encourage it on account of its venerable antiquity. For it is not a novelty of the 19th century, but it dates far back, near the period when "the clock struck the first note of time." It was then Jubal taught. And I heard of a good old lady, whose zeal for Old Hundred was better than her knowledge, saying that "she believed it was sung in the school of Jubal."

And does not the student of history know, that no class of men exerted such a potent influence in the early history of every nation, as the Musicians and Bard? Is not the same natural taste seen in the all-absorbing, delighted attention of the infant long before it can comprehend speech? Is it not also seen in the young group that collects around the strolling player that infests our streets? Nay, the fact, that music is desired at every public exhibition or association—at every military display or social party, proves that there is something in the breast demanding the harmony of sounds. And that man—the Music Teacher—is doing the work of a philanthropist—a work which ought to enlist the co-operation of the Christian and the patriot—who

seizes upon this inborn passion and controls and directs its movements, as to make the whole race happier and more dignified as moral beings. But again, music was used long before the invention of Letters, for the highest purposes in influencing mankind. If the accounts of the ancients be true, Orpheus, Apollo and Amphion were the tapers of mankind, the authors of civil law and domestic order. The first laws of nations were sung. Minos sang to the lyre the laws he gave to Crete; and Thales, by his enchanting strains, prepared the minds of the Spartans for the inflexible code of Lycurgus. So were the Germans and Spaniards made familiar with the harp which civilized the rude savage when he was taken in war—that reclaimed the vicious—that softened manners of the austere. Much of this may be exaggeration, but we do know in a rude state of society, when man is more the creature of feeling, the power of music is inconceivable.

But the history of modern times abounds with proof of the powerful influence of music. Can there be any one here who is a sceptic as to its power? If such, may I never meet with him, remembering what the poet has said with regard to him, "that has no music in his soul." Young ladies, is any one of your many admirers insensible to the power of music? Do you observe that his eye never flashes, or his countenance radiate under the charms of your voice, or your gentle touches upon a well-timed instrument? Then trust him not, give him not your hand in faith! Why? He has no heart to feel, no pulse to beat to a sympathizing call. And after the fatal knot is tied, you may plead with the wailing voice of Venus, with the melting strains of Minerva, yet he will remain as cold, unfeeling, as the ice-bound peaks of Greenland, and firm, unmoved as Mount Atlas, though "the storms may beat upon his brow, the ocean may break its billow at his base." Truly, "the motions of his soul are dull as night, and his affections dark as Erebus." Or, as Shakespeare has so pathetically said,

"The man that hath no music in him,
Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils;
Is not a man; he's a mere devil."

Is any one yet a sceptic to the power of music? I would ask such an one to point me to a single instance, where men wish to enlist the feelings of their fellow-men, that they do not bring to their aid the power of music? Have we not our Temperance Odes, our Missionary Anthems, our Anniversary Hymns? The family and social circle are indebted to it for some of their loveliest enchantments. And as an elevator of the social sympathies, it has well been said, "Music is the soul of Love." What wakes up the hallowed recollections of the past? What encircles home with the sweetest associations? Go ask him who has been severed from his paternal roof. He will tell you of the songs of the family circle. He will tell you of the gentle notes of a lovely sister.

Ye lovers of the social party! What can diffuse fragrance all around? What can captivate every beholder? What can charm every listener? Ah! I hear the voice from every quarter. 'Tis the sound of that sweetest of all instruments, Woman's Voice.

Let us for a moment contemplate the influence of Martial Music. Would that I could this evening arouse Alexander and Hannibal from their tombs! Would that I could evoke Caesar and Pompey from their graves! I would ask them what it was that animated and sustained their death-bearing armies on the battle-field. But, as we cannot disturb the silent slumbers of the departed dead, let us learn from history, the venerable chronicler of the past. There we learn that it ever has been a stimulus to the soldier in the hour of conflict, impelling him onward to the furious fray and nerving his soul to high exploits. Homer had his poems, and untutored Indian to-day has his war-song, by which he stirs up his soul.

When William of Normandy invaded England, the army was headed by a minstrel in the employment of the Conqueror; one that could sound the heart-stirring notes of their famous commander. And let the field of Hastings, where fifty thousand were left dead, tell how that song animated every heart. But for it, the first William might never have received the proud title of the Conqueror—the field of Hastings had not been won. Ah! the whole record of English history had changed its line.

We all know how Napoleon regarded Martial Music, and that he assigned his success, in some of his desperate engagements, to the animated strains that were played. But let us come to the scenes where Liberty unsheathed the sword. Ye groves of King's Mountain, that witnessed the clamping steeds, that heard the cannon's deafening peal, that saw the heroes leap to seize the palm of victory, while hesitating where to fall, tell me what think ye of Martial Music? Ye spirits of departed great, that hover over the plains of Gettysburg, what think ye? Ye plains of Mexico, that were stained with a patriot's blood—ye hills, that reverberated with the

cannon's peal—ye valleys, that heard the dying groans of a Butler—ye, that witnessed the expiring sighs of a Dickenson—what think ye of Martial Music? The voice comes from every blood-stained field, testifying that it was that which sustained the soldier—animated the hero in the dying struggle.

These allusions to the power of Martial Music will be considered only as illustrations. May the time quickly come, when its influence in such a cause may no longer be needed; when war, with its war-cry, may no more be heard. And Music may be confined to its legitimate use—to soften, refine and please. Then, let us turn to contemplate its use in a sacred point of view. In the worship of the house of God it is a most powerful auxiliary to influence the heart of the worshiper. It soothes the feelings, calls in the unhalloved wanderings of the thoughts, inspires the heart to a spirit of devotion. Who is here, that has not often had his feelings aroused to an elevated glow of ardor by the pathos of some lofty anthem? Who has not been moved to contrition by the melting strains of some penitential song? How much of the interest of the service of the sanctuary depends on the Music. And if there is one thing that damps a minister's fervor, it is this cold, unfeeling, discordant music. And if a people would wish their pastor to speak with a warm heart, with a fluent tongue, let them send up from every portion of the house, a heart-feeling concordant song of praise.

My friends, my task is performed. I have endeavored to contribute my mite to the interest of the occasion. There is something pleasant connected with Music. And may the sweet associations you and I have enjoyed during this school, be permanent, and they not be transient as the vernal shower, may they not be fleeting as the dew of morning; but may they be indelibly fixed on the tablet of the memory, and during the checkered scenes of life may we love to recur to them as the pleasant moments of the past.

Correct Speaking.

We advise all young people to acquire in early life the habit of using good language, both in speaking and writing, and to abandon, as early as possible, any use of slang words and phrases. The longer they live, the more difficult the acquisition of such language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language, be passed in its abuse, the unfortunate victim of neglected education is very probably doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to procure this education. Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he reads, instead of the slang which he hears, to form his taste from the best speakers and poets of the country, to treasure up choice phrases in his memory, and to habituate himself to their use, avoiding, at the same time, that pedantic precision and bombast which show rather the weakness of vain ambition than the polish of an educated mind.

To Measure the Height of Trees.

Take two straight sticks of equal length—any convenient length less than the length of the tree—place them in the form of a carpenter's square, preserving as nearly as possible a right angle, holding one stick in a horizontal position, and the other in a vertical position. Then walk backwards from the tree to be measured, on ground as nearly level as the case admits of, until a line from the eye to the top of the perpendicular stick shall cut the top of the tree, and the distance from the observer to the tree will be the height of the tree above the level of the eye. The impossibility of keeping the sticks at an exact perpendicular and horizontal, is all that interferes with perfect accuracy—allowing the trees to stand perpendicular. The accuracy is sufficient for many practical purposes, and will often enable the woodman to determine before he cuts a tree whether it will answer for the purpose for which he intends it.—*Bath Organ.*

How to Know Good Fathers.

It is a good sign and true, when you see amid a little group of boys, one to dart from the rest, and tossing his arms above his head, shout, "There's my father!" as he runs to meet him. You may be sure, no matter what business troubles sever that man may have, that there is a spot in his heart still fresh and green, which the cares of the world have had no power to blight. "There's my father!" with what a pretty pride the fellow shouts this! He must be indeed a brute, whose fatherly heart does not swell with love, whose eyes do not glisten, who does not at such a moment, feel amply repaid for that day's toil, no matter how wearisome. After all, Love is the only thing worth having in this world. They who stand over new made graves tell us so. Home and money, and ambition, dwindle to nothing, beside the white, calm brow of death, though God knows it may be but the youngling of the flock, whose lips have never learned to syllable our name.—*N. Y. Led.*

The Game of Scandal.

BY ANNA CORA BIRCHIE.

Have you ever played at "Scandal," Friend? Pure must the heart be that feels no sudden pang of conscience at that bomb-like question. But the startling query, in this instance, mildly refers to a game called "Scandal," the delight of juveniles "too joyous to be very wise." Yet is there wisdom and warning enough in the game itself to force the conclusion that its origin was in the brain of some sage satirist who hid a sober moral with a sportive mask.

The players sit in a row;—the one beside the other, to his companion neighbor whispers the news, as he hears it, to the one next to him, who conveys the intelligence, still in a whisper, to the one nearest; thus it is imparted again and again until it reaches the end of the line. As the sentence is transmitted from mouth to mouth, it is unintentionally unavoidably altered; the words have been incorrectly caught by the listening ear—with each repetition they undergo a change—by the time the sentence has travelled to its journey's close it has passed through so many strange mutations that it bears not the slightest resemblance to the original phrase. Every one is requested, beginning at the last hearer, to declare what information concerning Mr.—Mrs.—or Miss—was confided to him, and lo! through these singular transitions the harmless assertion has become a monstrous slander! This "scandal" was obviously the offspring of inadvertent, unconscious misrepresentation. As the story is traced back through all its crooked paths, the most hilarious merriment is excited by its odd metamorphoses.

The young play this game in jest for the sake of the mirth it awakens; their seniors are playing it in sober, fatal earnest, all the world over, and, like them, for the sake of mere amusement. Aye—playing it daily without self-reproach—playing it without dreaming that they are "coincers of scandal and clippers of reputation"—playing it without reflecting that their game can produce more dangerous consequences than the sport of the children!

Let us not confound these comparatively innocent scandal-mongers with that venomous class whose adder-like stings are aimed with malicious purpose—whose poisonous tongues blacken the fairest fame for the sheer delight of traducing—whose Upas breath withers the freshest flowers of Innocence with its invisible touch—whose defiled hands stir up the mud in purest streams of life—whose jaundiced eyes see all creation through a distorted medium—whose sordid natures are constantly goaded by Envy and armed with the deadly weapons of Hatred. Against those, the sagest poet that the sun ever shone upon, tells us that there is noegis that can protect even the immaculate.

"No might, no greatness in mortality
Can cleanse 'scape'—backsliding calumny
The whiter other side, What blue mistaking
Can tie the gall up in the shadowy tongue?"

Since the world has no social Persens who can lift an invincible sword to slay these Gorgons, they are not our theme.

To them the players in the world's great game of "scandal" bear little resemblance. The latter are vicious, courteous, agreeable, respectable members of society. It is the whole truth must be spoken, we are bound to admit that these graceful babblers are chiefly of the gentle sex.

Since the world began woman must have had an especial gift of speech, for the very name of "Eve," according to Buzorff's Hebrew Lexicon, is derived from a root which signifies "to talk;" thus her temptation to indulge in idle strictures, must be greater than those of her more taciturn brother.

But the amiable news-mongers, who are playing this "game of scandal" with honied lips and smiling eyes, mean no harm. Theirs are random arrows shot in sport—yet the shafts seemed to be the hand by which it was aimed ever so white! Some charming, giddy-pated creature, with unbridled levity of tongue gives breath to a good story (not particularly good natured) about a certain poor dear friend of hers;—the news is whispered in the ear of the next neighbor, kind "Mrs. Clackitt," and being imperfectly heard, or not thoroughly understood, undergoes an unintentional change, (as in the famous game we have cited), "Mrs. Clackitt," with eager volubility confides the secret to the first person she meets; poor Mrs. Grim chances to be of a sarcastic turn of mind and the Tale assumes a satirical countenance—it is wafted onward until it reaches Miss Balm, a very humane and tender-hearted gossip;—in her sympathetic bosom it is weighed down with such a pressure of pity, that the features of the traveling story are smoothed into a new shape. A few more steps onward—a few more pleasant touches from rosy lips and snowy hands—and the original lineaments are wholly obliterated.

But is this all? What becomes of the heroine of the game? How shall she break loose from the tangled web woven by mere idle talk? Whither shall she fly from the stabbing of inconsequent tongues? If her incensed reputation ever heals, will not these

wounds leave a disfiguring scar for life. Fairest prospects have been hopelessly blighted—strongest ties of friendship severed—love transformed to hate—hearts broken—homes made desolate through the daily playing of this merry game of "scandal" at our firesides—in our walks—in our social gatherings. The most zealous player, having no evil end in view, if told that he has dealt a blow to a friend, or done a neighbor a wrong, would meet the charge, indignant and aghast. Yet the game goes on bravely, from day to day! We will play it, quite innocent of malice—give a buffet to the flying tale to send it onward—half exultant, half ashamed.

Without presuming to don the solemn robes of the social reformer, which might float from ungainly shoulders with as little grace as the usurped lion's skin in the fable, may we not venture to suggest an antidote to the bane of this popular, death-dealing game? We fear it is one almost too simple to strike—yet simplest herbs have counteracted deadliest poisons. It lies in resolutely setting our faces against crediting any injurious rumor, by the reflection that the story is, in all probability, an illustration of the marvelous metamorphoses wrought by that magical game of "scandal" which we, and all the world, are merrily playing.

Stephen Allen's Pocket-Piece.

In the pocket-book of the Hon. Stephen Allen, who was drowned several years ago by a steamboat disaster on the Hudson river, was found a printed slip, apparently cut from a newspaper, of which the following is a copy:

"Keep good company or none.—Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any.—When you speak to a person look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above all things else. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that no one will believe him. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. Ever live (misfortune excepted) within your income. When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day. Make no haste to bed, if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency with tranquillity of mind. Never play at any game of chance. Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it. Earn money before you spend it. Never run into debt unless you see a way to get out again. Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it. Do not marry until you are able to support a wife. Never speak evil of any one.—Be just before you are generous. Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy. Save when you are young, to spend when you are old. Read over the above maxims at least once a week."

A Warning to Boys.

At Cincinnati, on Thursday evening last, a boy named Thomas Welsh, about ten years of age, was shot in the forehead by a companion and instantly killed. It appears that several boys were at play, when one of them drew a pistol and playfully pointed it at young Welsh, who dodged about a little, when the pistol went off and the ball entered the forehead of Welsh. The wounded boy staggered for an instant and then fell to the ground and expired in a few minutes. When the police arrived, Nicholas Cadz was pointed out by some of the other boys as the one who fired the pistol, and he was taken into custody and locked up in the station-house. He was soon afterwards visited in his cell by his mother, his aunt, brothers and sisters, and some half dozen little playmates, and the scene was extremely affecting. The little fellow inside the bars sobbed as though his heart would break, while his mother and sisters were bathed in tears outside the cell, and when the mother found that her son could not be liberated, she begged that she might be permitted to occupy the cell with him. Their anguish, however, was soon terminated by the appearance of a young lad named John Smith, who actually fired the pistol, gave himself up to the officers and frankly confessed the act. As soon as the wounded boy fell to the ground, he knelt by his side and said, "Don't cry, Tommy, I didn't mean to hurt you," but seeing the blood flowing freely, he became frightened, and started off on the run. He crossed the river and went immediately to the house of an uncle in Newport, where he fell down exhausted and fainted. When he recovered, he related what had taken place, and was advised by his aunt to return and have the unfortunate affair investigated. He concluded to do so. He was overwhelmed with grief when he learned that his little play-fellow was dead, and protested that he was only playing with him when the fatal shot was given. An inquest was held by the coroner, and a verdict returned of death from an accidental pistol shot. Both boys, Smith and Cadz, were then discharged, and returned to their homes.

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Character of the North Carolinians during the Revolution.

Lord Cornwallis, when left in command of the Southern army by Sir Henry Clinton, was charged, it will be recollected, with the invasion of North Carolina. It was an enterprise in which much difficulty was to be apprehended, both from the character of the people and the country. The original settlers from various parts, most of them men who had experienced political or religious oppression, and had brought with them a quick sensibility to wrong, a stern appreciation of their rights, and an indomitable spirit of freedom and independence. In the heart of the State, many of the people were called, having emigrated from Scotland to Ireland, and thence to America; and who were said to possess the impulsiveness of the Irishman (with the pure faith) and determined resolution of the covenanter.

The early history of the colony abounds with instances of this spirit among its people. "They always behaved insolently to their Governors," complains Gov. Barrington in 1781; "some they have driven out of the country—at other times set up a government of their own choice, supported by men under arms." It was in fact the spirit of popular liberty and self-government which stirred within them, and gave birth to the glorious axiom, "the rights of the many against the exactions of the few." So ripe was this spirit at an early day, that when the boundary line was run, in 1727, between North Carolina and Virginia, the borderers were eager to be included in the former province, "as there they paid no tribute to God or Caesar."

It was this spirit which gave rise to the Confederacy called the Regulation, formed to withstand the abuses of power; and the first blood shed in our country, in resistance to arbitrary taxation, was at Alamance in this province, in a conflict between the Regulators and Gov. Tryon.

Above all it should never be forgotten, that at Mecklenburg, in the heart of North Carolina, was culminated the first Declaration of Independence of the British crown, upwards of a year before a like declaration by Congress.

Living's Life of Washington, u. p. 87.

The Only National Party.

The Democracy profess on all occasions that they are the only national party. A national party is an organization founded upon one or more principles that are alike advocated in all sections of the country. There must be a basis upon which the men act in common who belong to the party.—There must be a general plan of policy, and this plan must be common to all sections. Tested by this rule, is the Democratic party a national party? What measures are alike advocated by Democrats in all sections? Is it the slavery question? The Democracy of the North advocates squatter sovereignty and Congressional non-intervention with slavery in the Territories while the Southern Democracy denounce squatter sovereignty and advocate Congressional intervention to protect slavery in the Territories.—They are not agreed in this. Is it the tariff? The President and the Northern Democracy generally advocate a protective tariff with specific duties, while the Southern Democracy repudiate and denounce both. Is it the Pacific Rail Road? They are not agreed upon that. The President and his Northern friends advocate it, while the Southern Democracy are opposed to its construction by the Government. They are not united upon it. So it is with internal improvements by the Government generally. Is it the Cuba question? There is no agreement among the Democracy upon the proper mode of acquiring it than there is among men of other parties. Is it the slave trade? Even Southern Democrats are not united among themselves concerning that. The whole Northern Democracy are opposed to reopening it. Is it the bankrupt law? Nobody pretends that they are united in regard to that. Is it our foreign relations? Democrats have no common theory or policy concerning that. Is it the spoils of office? If union upon that great question can constitute a national party, then the Democratic party is national. From North to South, from East to West it is harmonious upon the great principle of the spoils. If it goes into the Presidential election next year as a national party, it will only be a national scramble for the plunder of the Government. Upon no other question is it united or national. This is the party that Democratic editors and stump-speakers prate about as the great National Democratic party!

Memphis Bulletin.

The following is a very good recipe for making a hair-wash which will remove dandruff and keep the scalp clean and soft, so as to prevent the hair, in ordinary circumstances, from falling out:

Take one pint of alcohol and a table-spoonful of castor oil, mix them together in a bottle by shaking them well for a few minutes, then scent it with a few drops of oil of lavender. Alcohol dissolves castor oil, like gum camphor, leaving the liquid or wash quite clear. It does not seem to dissolve any other unctuous oil so perfect.

CHICAGO, April 16, 1859.

The schooner Ozelle, Capt. Marvin, master, arrived at Racine, Wisconsin, yesterday morning, from Marquette, Lake Superior, having on board a young lady, Miss Sophia Richardson, formerly of Cleveland, Ohio, who for the last three years has been living in solitude upon a desolate and uninhabited island in Lake Superior, near the British coast, and northwest from Isle Royal, upon which she was past away in the spring of 1856.

I was in Racine when the schooner arrived, and Captain Marvin, who is an old and valued friend of mine, was kind enough to introduce me to this young lady, whose adventures have been so remarkable, and from whom I have obtained permission to make public the facts which follow. Miss Richardson is apparently about 22 years old. Her countenance, without being positively handsome, is pleasing in its expression; her air and manner are well bred; and, although when I saw her she was arrayed in garments that were anything but fashionable and elegant, and her hands were roughened and browned by exposure and toil, it was impossible not to perceive that she was an educated and intelligent lady.

On the 15th of May, 1856, the bark Mary, Captain Edward, sailed from Cleveland, Ohio, bound for Green Bay, with a cargo of provisions, dry goods and hardware. The crew consisted of 8 men, including the captain and mate. The latter, Mr. George Richardson, was the cousin of the young lady above mentioned, and it was under his charge that she embarked with the intention of meeting at Green Bay her affianced husband, Daniel Ashwill, who had been living at Green Bay for a year, and to whom she was to be married on her arrival there. Miss Richardson was the daughter of a respectable and tolerably wealthy family, and she sailed with a stock of clothing amply sufficient for her requirements for a year or more. This was a prudent and economical measure, when the scarcity and dearth of her destined home is remembered, and as it afterwards proved, was the means of securing her from much suffering and privation. The cargo of the bark was made up of pork, flour, groceries, mining tools, and several bales of blankets, buffalo robes and heavy clothing.

The commencement of the voyage was pleasant, and nothing occurred to destroy the anticipations of happiness indulged in by Miss Richardson, until the vessel had passed the Manitouline Islands, and was about to enter the Straits of Mackinac. They passed the Great Manitouline just at dark, and immediately afterwards were assailed by a terrific storm, surpassing in violence anything which Miss Richardson had before seen. During the morning of this day the Captain tapped a barrel of whisky which was in his cabin, of the contents of which he and the mate had copiously partaken. Contrary to their usual custom, they had retired to sleep immediately after supper, leaving the helm in charge of a sailor named "Dan." Miss Richardson is of the opinion that the whisky had circulated among the crew as well as the officers, and that they were all under its influence. At all events, the storm continued to increase in violence, and the vessel was driven from her course. When at length the captain and mate were aroused and brought on deck, the former announced that they had been driven through the Middle Channel, and were then nearly opposite Sault Ste. Marie. He took the helm, saying he would keep the bark beating about in Tequamenon Bay until morning. Either he was mistaken in his calculations, or was unable to manage his vessel, for when morning broke, they discovered they were in the neighborhood of a large island, the name of which Miss Richardson has forgotten, but which the captain said was 150 miles from the Sault. (This was probably Michipicoten Island.) The storm appeared to increase in violence, and the vessel began to feel its effects. Miss Richardson was in great alarm and dismay, which were not at all lessened when her cousin informed her that the bark was leaking badly, and that she was in imminent danger of sinking. She does not remember all that transpired after this, as she was in great distress both of mind and body; but after some hours had passed, she was summoned to the deck, and saw that the bark must soon strike upon what she was told was an island. The rudder of the vessel had become unshipped or broken, her rigging was torn to tatters, and the captain said their only hope was to wait until she struck, then to leap into the water and trust to the waves to wash them upon the shore. The yawl had been stove in by a heavy sea some time before. The vessel was about a mile from the land, while immediately in front of her arose a low line of broken and jagged rocks. The only life-preserver on board was given to Miss Richardson, who inflated it and tied it beneath her arms. The bark struck with immense force upon the rocks, and appeared to stick fast, either upon the sand or between the breakers. The captain and the crew leaped overboard as she struck, and Miss Richardson and her cousin were about to follow, when a spar from the broken and shattered mast fell to the deck, striking the mate upon the head and instantly killing him. Miss Richardson's courage forsook her at this awful sight, and she sank insensible upon the deck.

From this point I give the narrative in her own words, copied from the notes which I took during our interview. "How long I remained in this position I cannot say, but when I regained my senses, I saw that the storm was dying away, and the vessel was still sticking fast where she struck. At my side lay George, his face covered with blood, and his eyes staring wide in death. I almost fainted again at the sight, but with a strong effort I repressed my feelings and got upon my feet. The waves were yet rolling heavily, but as I looked upwards the clouds broke away, and the sun beamed down upon me. I knew that the water would become more tranquil as night approached, and I hoped that if the captain and crew had reached the shore, they would endeavor to rescue me. I went into the hold, and observed that the leak did not increase. The seams of the vessel were open, and her timbers were strained and broken, but she appeared to be so tightly jammed between the rocks that she could not sink. The wind blew strongly towards the shore, and I saw spars and barrels thrown upon the land by the waves, and then washed off again by the returning sea. Hours passed by and I saw and heard nothing of the captain or the crew. I was alone with the dead. The thought became unbearable, and I resolved to leave the wreck and endeavor to reach the land. I brought up my trunks from the cabin, and lashed one to each end of the spar which had killed poor George. Then with infinite toil, which had now become comparatively calm. Summoning up all my resolution I lowered myself into the waves. The life-preserver supported me admirably, and I managed to reach the spar to which my trunks were tied. The wind carried me slowly towards the breakers. There were passages between the rocks, and fortunately I was floated through one of these and finally thrown upon the shore. I was terribly lacerated and exhausted, but managed to crawl up on the sand out of the reach of the waves, and then laid down with a full and grateful heart. After resting for perhaps half an hour, I untied my trunks, and rolled them upon the bank. The shore was covered with casks and boxes, and I succeeded in securing some of them. This fatigued me excessively, as I was then unused to labor, and was not so robust as I now am. Night was approaching. My garments were wet, and I began to shiver with cold and hunger. I had eaten nothing except some biscuits, which I had devoured just before leaving the wreck. The loneliness and danger of my situation rushed upon me. I did not know what would become of me. I feared I should perish with cold and hunger. I knelt down upon the sand and tried to pray, but no words came to my lips. I arose again in utter wretchedness and walked towards the water. A dark bale of goods was tossing near the shore, and I saw that by venturing into the water a short distance I could save it. I made the attempt, and got the bale to land, but its weight prevented me from rolling it out of the waves. My scissors were around my neck, and I cut off the covering of the bale. It was composed of buffalo robes, and the sight inspired me with new hope. I cut the cords which bound it together, and carried the robes one by one, on shore. Some of them were wet, but three were warm and dry. I opened my trunks, took off my wet apparel, and replaced it by dry clothing. Then, making a bed of two of my buffalo robes, I wrapped myself in the other, and prepared to pass my first night upon my desolate island. The terrors of my situation, my uncertain fate, and my grief for my poor cousin, for a while deprived me of sleep—but at length I fell into a deep slumber, from which I did not awake until the sun of the next morning shone into my face. The wreck had disappeared. I suppose that during the night the wind had again arisen, and tossed the vessel to pieces upon the rocks. The wind still came towards the shore, and every few moments a wave would throw upon the sand fragments of the wreck, or portions of her cargo. I felt strong and refreshed, but very hungry, and I knew not of what I could make my breakfast. I began to renew my former labor of rolling the barrels and boxes out of the way of the returning waves. My hands were torn and bleeding, and my limbs soon ached with the unaccustomed fatigue but I persevered, as I could not bear to see so much property swallowed up by the waves. Among the boxes was one marked "sardines." I forced the lid off with a stone, and feasted my eyes upon my treasure. But, shut up in their little tin boxes, the fish were as useless to me as if they were in the bottom of the lake. My hunger increased, and I sat down upon my buffalo bed and gave way to tears. Suddenly, I remembered, that in one of my trunks, I had a newly invented chisel for copper cutting, which my father had sent as a present to Mr. Ashwill, who was engaged in the mines. I found it, broke open one of the boxes of sardines, and enjoyed a delicious and refreshing meal. My hunger satisfied, I again went to work, and spent all that day in saving such as I was able to handle. The next day I occupied in collecting together the goods which I had saved. I found that I had eight barrels of pork, two kegs of lard, twelve barrels of flour, two of sugar, several boxes of candy, candles, raisins, and dried herrings, my box of sardines, another bale of buffalo robes, a box of dry goods, needles, pins, thread, yarn, &c.; a box of mining hatchets, a box of heavy clothing, and a bale of blankets. On the third day I explored my island. I found it entirely uninhabited, as far as I could then judge, and I afterwards ascertained this to be true. The shore was sandy and barren. Half a mile from the lake there were short and scrubby trees, which grew larger and larger as you advanced. On this day, also, the waves threw

upon the shore the dead and bruised bodies of several of the sailors, among them that of my cousin. In his pocket I found a metal box filled with friction matches, which were afterwards of the greatest service to me. I dug a shallow grave in the sand and buried them as well as I could. It was a sad and awful duty, and left me very melancholy and depressed. For several weeks I was certain that a vessel would arrive and rescue me. But when six weeks had passed, and I had seen no sign of any human being, I began to give way to the most poignant agony and fear. I was enabled finally to overcome this, and as Autumn approached, I had become in a measure, at least, reconciled to my fate. I knew I had provisions sufficient for three or four years. I had already learned to catch fish, and to cook my pork and flour without the aid of dishes or stoves. With the fragments of the wreck, and some of my empty barrels and boxes, I made a low hut, which I covered with sand to the depth of a foot. One end of this was closed, the other was fitted with a door made from the lids of my two trunks; over my barrels and boxes of goods I stretched a sail, fastening it down by means of stakes. A deadly buffalo robe into a dress, which I fancied would be impervious to the cold. My shoes, gloves, and hat were made of the same material. The forest supplied me with fuel, and I soon learned to chop it with considerable ease. During the early part of the first Winter I suffered terribly, but I managed to live through it, and the next season I was inured to hardships.

In this manner I passed three long and lonely years. I kept a journal during this unhappy period, and this was my only recreation. My books, and even my bible, were left in the vessel. During these three years I saw but seven vessels. They either did not see or would not regard my signals; my anguish on these occasions was indeed indescribable. The thoughts of home, and of the friends who were now mourning me as among the dead, would rush upon me with overpowering force, and my misery seemed too heavy for me to bear. At length, I know not on what day, but by my calculations on the 25th of February, my island was visited by six Menominee Indians. They had crossed from the British shore, partly in their canoes and partly on the ice. They were as much surprised to find me upon the island as I was delighted to see a human face again. We could not understand each other, but they made signs that I should go with them. I was in their power, but I was willing to go, as I conceived that by their means I might finally obtain my release and restoration. They returned with me to the British coast, which I think is not more than twenty or twenty-five miles from the island. They conducted me in a two days' journey, to a French trading post, where for the first time in three years, I found myself in the company of civilized men. I was received with kindness, and soon forwarded to Fort William. The commander of this fort entertained me hospitably, until the lake became open, when he despatched me to Marquette, from which point Capt. Marvin has conducted me hither. At the Sault I learned that Mr. Ashwill had returned to Cleveland, and I am now on my way thither.

Such, Mr. Editor, is this remarkable and interesting narrative. The journal kept by the young lady is well written, and no doubt would prove an attractive and readable book if published. I intimated this to her, but her modesty appeared to dissent from that opinion. She came to Chicago in the same train with your correspondent, and leaves to-night for Cleveland, her kind friend Capt. Marvin having furnished her with the means of pursuing her journey. She will be received at her home as one risen from the dead.

A Wonderful Penman.
The Paris correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune writes as follows: "There is a writing master here, one Thaforet by name, who has such a command of his pen that he is able to copy a bank note in all of its details, with such nicety as to defy the tellers of the bank themselves. A collector of curiosities called on M. Thaforet one day, and asked him for a five hundred franc bank note. 'Willingly,' replied the writing master, 'but I must tell you that I shall charge two thousand francs for it, and the original is always better than my copy.' And Louis Philippe's children had a writing-master named Sylvestre, who copied a thousand franc note so exactly that it was impossible to tell it from the genuine. He gave it to the Count d'Argout, who was then the Governor of the Bank of France. M. Sylvestre, replied the Governor, when he held the note in his hand, 'accept this original note of a thousand francs for your copy, which we shall keep in our archives; but do not be surprised if we instantly place you and keep you for life under the surveillance of the police.' And the Count d'Argout did as he said. Sylvestre was forced to appeal to Louis Philippe before he could have this disagreeable measure annulled."

Four Panthers Killed.
A gentleman, living near Santa Rosa, discovered one evening, considerable tumult among his flock of sheep. Going among them to discover the cause, he found a couple of them with their throats cut and dying. Imagining this destruction to be the work of wild animals, he cut them open, and secreted a lot of strychnine in their bodies. The next morning he found the poison had done its work. Four panthers, measuring not less than eight feet from tip to tip, were discovered

within a few rods of where the sheep had been left.—Napa Reporter.

The Fredell Express.

FREDERICK D. HALE & SON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

STATESVILLE,
Friday, May 6, 1859.

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FOR CONGRESS.

GEN. J. M. LEACH,
OF DAVIDSON COUNTY.

The Way the Money Goes.

The profligate Administration of Mr. Buchanan, Democratic President of the United States—for whom Hon. A. M. Scales voted and whom he upholds in policy and endorsement in the history of any country, for corruption and wastefulness with the People's money. Take, for instance, the following example furnished by the records in Washington City, at the instance of a Committee of Congress, and being official is incontrovertible:

At Niagara 19 men are employed at an expense of \$12,000 to collect \$8,000—at Oswego 23 men at \$18,000 to collect \$6,000—at Buffalo 20 men at \$17,000 to collect \$10,000—at Plattsburg 26 men at \$14,000 to collect \$18,000—at Burlington 33 men at \$16,000 to collect \$8,500—at Wisconsin 8 men at \$7,000 to collect \$12,000—at Portsmouth 21 men at \$11,000 to collect \$3,500—at Newburyport 13 men at \$16,200 to collect \$9,900—at Marblehead 9 men at \$2,200 to collect \$250—at N. Bedford 14 men at \$6,500 to collect \$4,850—at Perth-Amboy 13 men at \$4,500 to collect \$1,500—at Norfolk 23 men at \$19,000 to collect \$91,000—at Okechoke 7 men at \$2,000 to collect \$82—at Toledo 7 men at \$4,430 to collect \$567—at Detroit 10 men at \$37,000 to collect \$465—at San Francisco 134 men at \$12,000 to collect \$158,000—at Benicia 3 men at \$4,400 to collect \$2,300—at Stockton 1 man at \$3,100 to collect \$13—at Sacramento 1 man at \$5,000 to collect \$4—at Monterey 3 men at 7,050 to collect \$5—at San Pedro 6 men at 4,200 to collect 304.

So much, for the economy of a Democratic Administration! When it shall be recollected that the above are only a few items, to show the rottenness of Democratic rule, and untrustworthiness of locofoco politicians generally, what would be the astonishment of the country, provided all the corruption of the Democratic Administrations since the memorable days of Martin Van Buren could be laid bare—even James Buchanan's gambling and mal. career? This is a sufficient reason for the People to rise with indignation, and rebuke through the ballot-box—that terror to evil-doers—rebuke we say the political charlatans that would once again ask at their hands a re-election to office, from President to Congressmen. We are not now fair a man's standing be, previous to him keeping bad company, his reputation must suffer when he is found with associates of bad repute, and his patriotism must fail in consequence.

Verily, if Mr. Scales has eloquence sufficient to gammon the people into a re-election he will deceive many. Like a dead-body lashed to his shoulders he must carry along with him the ponderous weight of James Buchanan, with all his sins of commission and omission—and they are countless, and great. Mr. Scales cannot detach himself from the President and his odious measures. In vain will he call, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

Terrible Disaster.

On the night of the 23d of April the steamer St. Nicholas, from St. Louis to New Orleans, when near Island sixty in the Mississippi river, exploded a boiler, by which occurred 42 persons were killed and missing. They were chiefly attaches of the boat.—Vessel and cargo a total loss.

California Papers.

We are indebted to a friend in San Francisco for a file of California newspapers, by Tehuantepec route. They are all well filled with mining operations for gold, murders and various other crimes, and little else. The confirmation by the United States Senate of Hon. J. W. Mandeville as Surveyor General of California, was a source of much rejoicing among the friends of that gentleman.—We learn by a private letter that Broderick did everything within his power to defeat Mandeville, for which act of kindness he will be remembered by any section of the California democracy hereafter. The fact is Broderick never had any more right to be sent to Congress than a sheep-stealing dog, anyhow, and the earlier he and many others like unto him, are expelled from Congress, the better will it be for the country. The steam ferry-boat Contra Costa plying between San Francisco and Oakland, with one hundred passengers on board, collided her boiler on the 4th of April, while racing with another boat, killing six persons, and eighteen others scalded and wounded. The event had produced much excitement in the city.

Doings among the Chivalry.

South Carolina, we have heard say, is famed for the many noble deeds of some of her chivalrous sons, and her great men are not few and far between; but, according to the following account, she cherishes some rowdies and vagabonds, as many, perhaps, as can be carried up in other States making less pretension to all the "decency." If South Carolina cherishes a supreme regard for States rights, it would seem apparent that no small number of her people pay no regard to individual rights. Brother Fink of the Lexington Flag, lets off in this wise concerning that which came under his friend's observation, recently, while on a visit to Columbia: "We have learned through our Columbia exchanges, and also had it verbally from some good, honorable and reliable citizens, that Columbia on Sunday before the Sheriff's election was the theatre of the most demoralizing and shameful conduct ever enacted in a civilized an enlightened community. The doors of drinking saloons were thrown open, men, much men, degraded and degraded men taken in, made drunk, and dined (some say locked up) until Monday and then carried to the polls and made vote

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in a state of inebriation, and consequently without the least knowledge of what they were doing. Thus what you call justice and liberty is it? Shame upon such justice and liberty and those who practice it!"

Aquittal of Scales.

The telegraph has announced that Daniel E. Scales was, on the 26th April last, acquitted by the jury for killing Philip Barthon Key, and was set at liberty forthwith. The following contains the details of the announcement, and what followed:

"The District Attorney concluded his argument of the instructions to the jury, about thirty minutes past one in the afternoon. The counsel on both sides agreed to waive addresses to the jury."

The Judge then submitted instructions, and the jury retired. After an absence of an hour and fifteen minutes, they returned into court and rendered a verdict of "not guilty." The announcement was received with a most uncontrollable burst of applause, all efforts on the part of the officers of the Court to suppress it, proving utterly futile.

A feeling of the most intense satisfaction rapidly spread over the city, and in a few minutes Pennsylvania Avenue was almost entirely depopulated. Thousands rushed to Judiciary Square, and followed the carriage containing Mr. Scales from the court house to his stopping point, which was next door to his own residence. Here an immense multitude greeted his arrival, and upon his alighting, the air resounded with cheers.

Never before was there so universal excitement in Washington. A general feeling of satisfaction was manifested in all circles at that time.

There will be a grand demonstration to-night, and a serenade of Mr. Scales's counsel.

We are glad that Scales was cleared—that part of it was proper and right; but to lionize him in his terrible misfortune, with life spared to him, is disgusting enough, and but proves the true character of the simpletons engaging in it. A deep solemnity upon the finale would be more consonant with common sense, than parade with trombone and bugle. Would such reverence as this console the broken-hearted Sicksles?

But it is whispered, loud enough to be generally heard all over the land, that, in a moral point of view, Sicksles has no better standing than his wife has, and that with equal justice he in turn might say several rivals.

We therefore want to see a re-action in the public sentiment in favor of the woman, and not for the man to have all the sympathy—that was well enough while his head was in the noose of the halter, but now he being at liberty, sympathy belongs not more to one than the other.

College Examination.

The examination of young ladies receiving instruction at Concord College, Statesville, will take place on Thursday the 28th of May (instant) and will close the day following with a concert and graduating exercises. The public is invited to attend.

County Temperance Meeting.

We are requested, to state that the Third Quarterly Meeting of the Fredell county Temperance Society, will take place at Bethesda Church, on the 11 day of May (instant), at 11 o'clock. A sermon is expected from Rev. W. B. Pressly and addresses from other gentlemen of ability. An interesting meeting is contemplated and the friends of Temperance and the public generally are invited to attend.

Tobacco Culture.

There was published in the Express last week, a short but pertinent communication upon the subject of Tobacco Culture in this portion of the State, written by a gentleman of sound experience and much observation, and therefore his views are worth much.—We have besides been informed by gentlemen who have traveled through portions of Fredell, Rowan, Wilkes and other counties from the tobacco-growing regions of North Carolina and Virginia, that much of the soil in these counties is well adapted to tobacco culture as lands that produce the article in abundance, and of superior quality elsewhere—and they expressed their surprise that our farmers would not go in for tobacco crops.—We believe, however, that a few farmers in Fredell and Rowan will embark in the business of growing tobacco this year, and right sure we are that they will find their reward in it. Mr. J. H. Dalton of Fredell, we forgot earlier to remark, has cultivated tobacco extensively on his farm in the north part of Fredell for many years, and he informed us that it paid well—he has also an extensive manufactory and puts up an article of twist equal to the best Virginia brands, for which he finds good sale in southern markets.

Last summer we saw as fine leaf in Mr. Dalton's establishment, which was grown in Fredell, as we ever met with in the great tobacco markets of St. Louis and Baltimore, where we have examined immense quantities of tobacco from several States. The tobacco crop will withstand more vicissitudes than any other crop almost, is easily conveyed to market, and will always command a good price, according to grade. While we would not urge farmers to pay less attention to other cropping, we would suggest that their interests might be materially benefited by the cultivation of tobacco on some portion of their farms, and give it fair trial. They now have good Railroad facilities and accessible markets, and can choose the "best" country affords" without restriction to any particular part. The importance and value of tobacco cropping, can be estimated from the following statistics which we find in an exchange:—

A Convention of Tobacco Growers.

A convention of the producers and buyers of tobacco will be held in Louisville, (Ky.), on the 5th instant. That is the day fixed for awarding premiums to the growers of the best tobacco in the various sections of the State. The object of the design of the Convention is to bring the producers and purchasers together, in order to an interchange of opinions. The agriculturists may learn what grades are best suited to the market and will meet the most ready sale.—The Louisville Journal, speaking of the great commercial importance of the staple, says that the value of raw tobacco exported from the United States to Great Britain was \$3,500,000 in 1855, and during the first half of the present century that country collected import duties on it to the enormous aggregate of over \$750 millions of dollars. The total value of our exports of tobacco in 1857 was \$2,025,772, and in 1858 amounted to \$12,409,882. During the first nine months of 1857 the import revenue derived by France from it was 25 millions dollars, four-fifths of which were exported from the United States. The Cyclopaedia says that tobacco, next to salt, is probably the article most consumed by men. In one form or another, but most generally in the form of smoke, there is no article in which it is not consumed, and no nation that does not adopt it. To put down its use has equally baffled legislators and

socialists, and, in the words of Pope, on a higher subject, it may be said to be partaken of by saint, by savage and by sage.—The average consumption of male population in the United States is about eight pounds, in some countries, seems almost fabulous. In the German States, included in the operation of Zollverein, it reaches from 9 1/2 to 12 1/2 pounds in Holland, Belgium and Denmark 8 to 10 pounds. The advance cost of tobacco is derived from the fact that in 1842 we exported 136,440 casks of an average cost of \$60 11, and in 1857 only 157,884 at an average value per hoghead \$132 40.

We are requested to state that the Rev. H. T. Hudson, of the N. C. Conference, will deliver the Address before the two Societies of Olin High School, on the 24th of May, instant.

News Items.

A Violent Assumption on the Part of the "Spelling Clerk."

The editor of the Winston Sentinel having heard for a few minutes the closing part of Mr. Scales's speech at Stokes, in the discussion which came off at Danbury between him and Gen. Leach, asserts that Mr. Scales "assumed and maintained" certain positions. Now, those who were present and heard Mr. Scales, say that he assumed and maintained no such positions, and that the "Spelling Clerk" has fixed up a speech for Mr. Scales altogether different from the one he really made.

Why then has the Sentinel felt "authorized" to make the assertion it has done? We suppose that the Sentinel had no idea that Mr. Scales would have the presumption to say over any other speech, than the old democratic speech, with certain little variations which had been fixed up to suit the present campaign in Virginia and North Carolina. The Sentinel having heard Mr. Scales go over this speech so often, and having no fears but what he had it well by heart, did not deem it necessary to listen to him at Danbury, but only stepped in to hear a little of the close; and, as Mr. Scales came down the last quarter stretch in the old style, the Sentinel presumed, of course, that he had kept the track from the beginning. The "Spelling Clerk" must take better care, or Mr. Scales will soon fly the track altogether.

The Sentinel closes by saying that Mr. Scales "litterally demolished" Gen. Leach. Of course the Sentinel knows, not having heard Mr. Scales's speech. But, as Mr. Scales has heretofore demolished every thing before him, and has "litterally demolished" old Buchanan, in his late speech on the tariff, the Sentinel could have no doubt but that he did effectually use of the General. It is said that Mr. Scales talks so fast that the "Spelling Clerk" can't keep up with him, and, not understanding what is said, he naturally feels "warranted in asserting" that his speech is a smasher, demolishing everything in its way.—Greens. Pat.

Meeting of Internal Improvement Board.

This board met in this city on the 26th instant. Present, His Excellency, Gov. Ellis, James Fulton and N. M. Long, Esqrs.

The Governor announced to the Board that he had, through his Private Secretary, effected the purchase of the Cape Fear and Deep River works, with their privileges, franchises, &c., agreeably to an act of the General Assembly, for \$365,000. The Board then appointed N. N. Nixon and James Cass, Esqrs., of New Hanover, Moses A. Bledsoe, Esq., of Wake, and H. A. London, Esq., of Chatham, a Board of Commissioners of said works.

On the proper certificate made by the Albemarle & Chesapeake Canal company, it was ordered by the Board that the sum of \$100,000, on the part of the State, be subscribed to the capital stock of said company, according to the provisions of an act of the General Assembly. The President of the Board, Gov. Ellis, was authorized to make the subscription and to notify the Public Treasurer of the same.

Owen R. Kenan, Esq., was appointed State proxy in the called meeting of the stockholders of the Wilmington & Weldon R. R. Co. to be held on the 19th of May.

A resolution was passed by the Board urging upon the different R. R. Co.'s in which the State is interested, the necessity for the adoption of some method by which the transmission of through freights, with certainty and despatch, could be ensured, thus securing to the State the profits arising therefrom, and to our seaports the credit, as well as enhanced business, to be derived from the shipment, &c. of North Carolina products.

This object, it is thought, can be effected by a system of through freight trains, or by a greater unity of action among the Rail Road Co's aforesaid.

We will set forth the resolution in full in our next.

A meeting of the commissioners of the Cape Fear and Deep River works was held on the 27th, but did nothing of importance except to appoint, as Chief Engineer, Elwood Morris, Esq., of Pennsylvania. Mr. Morris is expected to be on the works at an early day. Henry A. London, Esq., former Secretary and Treasurer of the company, was appointed Secretary and Treasurer of the commission.

For the foregoing information we are indebted to Graham Daves, Esq., Private Secretary to the Governor, who will please accept our thanks for the same.—Standard.

Gen. Leach.

Bishop Davis.
The Colleton and Beaufort Sns, of the 27th ultimo, makes the following announcement, which will be read with interest:
"On Sunday last, Rev. Mr. Belinger announced to his congregation the melancholy fact, that the Rev. Bishop Davis of the Diocese of South Carolina, had almost entirely lost his sight. His only hope is by an operation for cataract."

The imports of foreign dry goods and general merchandise for the week ending on the 25th ult., amounted to \$5,683,802; since 1st January to \$74,377,371; just double the amount for the same period last year.

Peace or War.

We are permitted to make the following extract from a private letter, says the New York Commercial Advertiser, written by an American gentleman now on the continent of Europe to his friend in this city, the writer being in the position we believe to observe correctly the current of affairs:
"In spite of the Congress to be assembled, there will be no peace. Neither France nor Austria wants peace. The peace party of Europe is confined to the Derby Ministry in England, to the anti-Austrian Regency party in Berlin, and to the Stock Exchange. The Derby Ministry is now powerless. Russia will remain neutral until Austria is attacked at home, and Russia aims at nothing but the humiliation of Austria.
"War is necessary even in a financial point of view. It is the only means of avoiding national bankruptcy, the only decent excuse for not paying the interest on the public debt in Austria, or making a new loan in France. The war, however, may be confined to Austria and France. In no case will the Emperor of France provoke a coalition."

Markets.

Salisbury Market—May 3, 1859.

Barley	0.10 (0.12)	Feathers	0.35 (0.40)
Beeswax	0.40 (0.50)	Flour	4.50 (5.00)
Candles	0.25 (0.30)	Flaxseed	1.00
Corn	0.15 (0.20)	Ginseng	0.12
Cotton	0.14 (0.16)	Green	0.04
Cum	0.10 (0.12)	Ham	0.10 (0.12)
Dried	0.25 (0.30)	Lard	0.10 (0.12)
Flour	4.50 (5.00)	Meat	0.10 (0.12)
Grain	0.15 (0.20)	Molasses	0.10 (0.12)
Hay	0.10 (0.12)	Nails	0.05 (0.07)
Iron	0.10 (0.12)	Peas	0.15 (0.20)
Meat	0.10 (0.12)	Rice	0.05
Molasses	0.10 (0.12)	Salt	0.25 (0.30)
Nails	0.05 (0.07)	Sugar	0.12 (0.15)
Peas	0.15 (0.20)	Wheat	0.15 (0.20)
Rice	0.05		
Salt	0.25 (0.30)		
Sugar	0.12 (0.15)		
Wheat	0.15 (0.20)		

Charlotte Market—May 3, 1859.

Barley	0.10 (0.12)	Feathers	0.35 (0.40)
Beeswax	0.40 (0.50)	Flour	4.50 (5.00)
Candles	0.25 (0.30)	Flaxseed	1.00
Corn	0.15 (0.20)	Ginseng	0.12
Cotton	0.14 (0.16)	Green	0.04
Cum	0.10 (0.12)	Ham	0.10 (0.12)
Dried	0.25 (0.30)	Lard	0.10 (0.12)
Flour	4.50 (5.00)	Meat	0.10 (0.12)
Grain	0.15 (0.20)	Molasses	0.10 (0.12)
Hay	0.10 (0.12)	Nails	0.05 (0.07)
Iron	0.10 (0.12)	Peas	0.15 (0.20)
Meat	0.10 (0.12)	Rice	0.05
Molasses	0.10 (0.12)	Salt	0.25 (0.30)
Nails	0.05 (0.07)	Sugar	0.12 (0.15)
Peas	0.15 (0.20)	Wheat	0.15 (0.20)
Rice	0.05		
Salt	0.25 (0.30)		
Sugar	0.12 (0.15)		
Wheat	0.15 (0.20)		

Salisbury Market—May 3, 1859.

Barley	0.10 (0.12)	Feathers	0.35 (0.40)
Beeswax	0.40 (0.50)	Flour	4.50 (5.00)
Candles	0.25 (0.30)	Flaxseed	1.00
Corn	0.15 (0.20)	Ginseng	0.12
Cotton	0.14 (0.16)	Green	0.04
Cum	0.10 (0.12)	Ham	0.10 (0.12)
Dried	0.25 (0.30)	Lard	0.10 (0.12)
Flour	4.50 (5.00)	Meat	0.10 (0.12)
Grain	0.15 (0.20)	Molasses	0.10 (0.12)
Hay	0.10 (0.12)	Nails	0.05 (0.07)
Iron	0.10 (0.12)	Peas	0.15 (0.20)
Meat	0.10 (0.12)	Rice	0.05
Molasses	0.10 (0.12)	Salt	0.25 (0.30)
Nails	0.05 (0.07)	Sugar	0.12 (0.15)
Peas	0.15 (0.20)	Wheat	0.15 (0.20)
Rice	0.05		
Salt	0.25 (0.30)		
Sugar	0.12 (0.15)		
Wheat	0.15 (0.20)		

Fayetteville Market—May 3, 1859.

Barley	0.10 (0.12)	Feathers	0.35 (0.40)
Beeswax	0.40 (0.50)	Flour	4.50 (5.00)
Candles	0.25 (0.30)	Flaxseed	1.00
Corn	0.15 (0.20)	Ginseng	0.12
Cotton	0.14 (0.16)	Green	0.04
Cum	0.10 (0.12)	Ham	0.10 (0.12)
Dried	0.25 (0.30)	Lard	0.10 (0.12)
Flour	4.50 (5.00)	Meat	0.10 (0.12)
Grain	0.15 (0.20)	Molasses	0.10 (0.12)
Hay	0.10 (0.12)	Nails	0.05 (0.07)
Iron	0.10 (0.12)	Peas	0.15 (0.20)
Meat	0.10 (0.12)	Rice	0.05
Molasses	0.10 (0.12)	Salt	0.25 (0.30)
Nails	0.05 (0.07)	Sugar	0.12 (0.15)
Peas	0.15 (0.20)	Wheat	0.15 (0.20)
Rice	0.05		
Salt	0.25 (0.30)		
Sugar	0.12 (0.15)		
Wheat	0.15 (0.20)		

EXAMINATION.

THE Examination in Concord Female College will commence on Thursday, 20th of May, and close the day following with a Concert and Graduating Exercises at night.
The Rev. J. B. WATT will deliver an Address on Friday, at 10 o'clock p. m.
The Board of Trustees will meet the same day at 11 A. M.

JOS. W. STOCKTON,
Secretary of Board.

Salisbury, May 2, 1859.

MULES STRAYED.

Strayed from the Subscriber on yesterday, TWO MULE COLTS, both Mares about one year old. One bay, the other brown with a white or light colored nose. The bay mule has the hoofs broken on one or both hind feet. Their tails are shaved. Any information respecting said mules will be thankfully received or suitably rewarded.
May 5th, '59 T. A. BELL.

HYMENEAL.

MARRIED.

In Ireddell county, on the 26th ult., by Rev. T. W. Erwin, Mr. J. J. Sigmund, of Holly Springs, Miss., to Miss Josephine B. Thomas, daughter of J. B. Thomas, Esq.

In Philadelphia, Pa., on the 28th April, by the Rev. Mr. Seiss, W. M. Haynes, formerly of Statesville, to Miss Annie D. Badley, of Philadelphia.

OBITUARY.

DIED.

At his residence, in Salisbury, on Friday morning, 22d ult., Mr. John McIntire, aged 57 years. He was left a wife, an interesting family of children, and numerous relations, friends and acquaintances to mourn his loss. His funeral was attended at 11 o'clock, on Saturday, by a large number of the citizens, who seemed anxious to give this last evidence of their high appreciation of his virtuous life and character. The deceased was well and favorably known in the business circles of this town and Mocksville, where he had resided for many years. He was much respected as a man, and highly esteemed as a citizen and neighbor, and was kind in his intercourse with others. He was for many years a useful member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and died triumphing in the faith of the Gospel.

In Lincoln county, on the 3d ult., Mr. Philip Shuford, aged 79 years.

THE WARDENS for the POOR

of Ireddell county will hold their Meeting on Monday of May Court, at 11 o'clock A. M.

Advertisement.

Annual Meeting of the State Medical Association of North Carolina.

We are requested to announce that the next annual meeting of the above Association will take place in Statesville, on the 10th day of May. As this will be the first meeting held in Western North Carolina, a fine opportunity will be offered members of the medical profession to attend and enroll their names members of the Society, and they are requested to do so. Business of importance connected with the science of medicine, affecting the public welfare, will come before the Association, in a corporate capacity to be transacted, for which reason, it is desirable that, if possible, every Physician in the State might be present.
Newspapers friendly to the objects of the Association, that have not already done so, will confer a favor by giving notice of the time and place for holding the convention.

LAND SALE.

BY direction of the Court of Equity, I will sell at the Court House in Statesville, on Monday of May Court, 16th May, A Valuable Tract of Land, adjoining the heirs-at-law of Jane McKay, belonging lands of David Goodman, William King, Henry Upright and others, containing 137 acres.

Terms—12 months' credit with interest. I will sell three other Tracts on similar terms. W. P. McADWELL, C. M. E.

April 29, 1859.

THRASHING MACHINES

The Subscriber is Agent for the sale of WHEELER, MILLICK & CO.'S CELEBRATED THRASHING MACHINES, which have given universal satisfaction wherever tried, and are warranted, when sold, to give satisfaction or no sale.

A one horse Machine will thresh and separate the wheat from straw, 125 to 150 bushels per day. A two horse, 200 to 250 bushels. A two horse, with a combined winnower, will thresh and clean 250 to 290 bushels per day.

Machines will be delivered in Fayetteville, Asheville, or any point on the North Carolina Railroad.

Persons desiring to have Thrashing Machines, for the approaching harvest, should order early, to insure getting them in time.

For further information, address the subscriber at Troy's Store, Randolph co., N. C.

JOHN B. TROY.

April 29, 1859.

NOTICE.

ALL Persons having business in the Superior Court Clerk's Office, can be accommodated in my absence by calling on Mr. A. D. Moore, who is my lawful Deputy.

R. A. McADWELL, C. S. C.

April 18, 1859.

NOTICE.

I will offer for Sale on the 1st May NEXT, at the late residence of Capt. Wm. Feinster, deceased,

6 Likely Young NEGROES, from One to Thirteen years old.

On a credit of Six months with interest from date.

A. FEINSTER, Executor.

April 15, 1859.

BAKER'S COCOA.

A MOST DELICIOUS ARTICLE For the sick and convalescent—Transmuting to weak nerves. Just received by

W. H. WYATT, Druggist and Apothecary, Salisbury, N. C.

21-3m

Mrs. J. A. VASNOV.

FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKER. ANNOUNCES to the Ladies, that she is in receipt of the

Latest Paris and New York Fashions, and invites them to call and examine them, as they are very beautiful.

Statesville, April 21, 1859.

A CARD.

I would most heartily recommend Mrs. VASNOV to the Ladies of Statesville, as a competent Dressmaker and perfect lady, and one in whom they may place every confidence. She has been in my employ for the last three years, and is perfectly competent to do anything in a Dressmaker's line. She cuts by Taylor's justly celebrated system, which is a sufficient guarantee for her fitting.

Salisbury, N. C. A. A. BARKER, March 20, 1859.

W. H. Wyatt,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

DRUGS,

MEDICINES,

Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Brushes, Window Glass, Varnish, &c., &c., &c.

SALISBURY, N. C.

Jan. 1, 1859—5-ly

McLEAN HOUSE,

STATESVILLE, N. C.

Personal passing through, or coming to STATESVILLE, Can be accommodated

With Meals at 25 cents each; and comfortable

LODGINGS at the same rate.

Horses well fed and attended to on reasonable terms.

JOS. A. McLEAN, Oct. 19.

HECKER'S FARINA.

Remarkably wholesome and Nutritious.

Just received by W. H. WYATT, Druggist & Apothecary, Salisbury, N. C.

21-3m

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

HAS been appointed Agent for the Sale of SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES, they will be sold at Manufacturers' Prices, adding freight. These are acknowledged to be the best Sewing Machines in use, and no family should be without one, if much sewing has to be done. A Machine can be seen in use at the Subscriber's residence. Price as low as \$50.

E. B. STIMMONS, April 15, 1859.

VALUABLE PLANTATION

ON THE CATAWHA RIVER AT AUCTION!!!

The Subscriber will sell at Auction, to the Highest Bidder, without reserve, on Thursday, the 2d day of June, On the Premises,

THE VALUABLE PLANTATION whereon he now resides. It is located just below the mouth of Little Creek, in Catawba county, near Lewis Ferry on the Catawba river, adjoining lands of Henderson Sherill. The Tract contains 315 acres, 150 acres of which are in cultivation, and about 50 acres of the land is good River, Creek and Branch Bottom.

The improvements are a comfortable Log Dwelling, first-rate Barn, Stables and Stalls for 20 head of Horses; Cow Sheds, and good Fences.

There is upon the place

A GOOD GRIST MILL. Running a pair of BURR and a pair of Common Stones.

The Western N. C. Railroad passes through the Farm, and the Depot is located upon it. There is also upon the place large ORCHARDS of Peach and Apple Trees, bearing fruit of the best quality; with Springs of pure and wholesome water.

In short, it is the most valuable farm in this section of the State.

Persons desirous of viewing the premises, previous to Sale, will please call.

Terms of Sale:—One-third Cash; balance on a credit of one and two years, with interest from date, with approved security.

A. W. WILSON, April 12, 1859.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Whites County.

IN EQUITY—FALL TERM 1859.

Jesse Maharry.)

The Defendant in this case will take notice that it was ordered by the Court of Equity for said county, at the last term of said Court, that publication be made for six weeks in the Ireddell Express, for the said Defendant, Jesse Maharry, to appear, at the next term of said Court to be held for said county, at the Court House in Wilkesboro', on the 2d Monday in June next, and to answer, plead, or demur in said case, else judgment, pro confesso, will be entered against him.

Witness, James Calloway, C. M. E., at office, April 9, 1859.

JAMES CALLOWAY, C. M. E.

NEW GOODS.

THE SUBSCRIBER IS NOW RECEIVING from New York and Philadelphia, a large and well selected Stock of

STAPLE & FANCY GOODS, Consisting of

Black Gro de Rhine, Marcelline, Florence, and Fancy Silks.

Printed Jaconets, Linens and Organdy Muslins, Jacquett, Plain and Fancy, Swiss Jaconets, Nanook and Mull

Muslins, French Worked Collars, Sleeves and Flouncings.

White Barege Shirts (new style).

Black Silk and Laid Mantles, Bonnets trimmed and untrimmed, Ladies' Mitts.

Flats, French Flowers, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, Engravings and Paints for Grecian Painting.

Hardware, Queensware, Medicines & Paints, Coffee, Sugar, Tea, Candles, Oil, Fish, Molasses, Salt, Lard, and all other Groceries.

My Stock of

READY-MADE CLOTHING is very large, and was selected with great care from the best Stocks in Philadelphia and New York.

Country Produce taken in Exchange for Goods.

Very liberal allowance made to Cash Dealers. T. H. McRORIE, Salisbury, N. C. March 20, 1859.

NEW FIRM!!

NEW GOODS!! J. A. & R. Q. DAVIDSON

HAVING entered into Partnership for the purpose of conducting a

DRY GOODS AND GROCERY BUSINESS, IN STATESVILLE, N. C.

Respectfully inform the Public that they are now receiving direct from Philadelphia and New York, an extensive and well assorted Stock of

STAPLE AND FANCY Spring and Summer DRY GOODS, Clothing, Bonnets, Hats, and other articles too tedious to enumerate.

Also—

GROCERIES of every description; and other

FAMILY SUPPLIES; All of which will be sold very Low For Cash or Country Produce.

Our friends and the public generally, are respectfully invited to give us a call.

March 31, 1859. 17-6m

HATHAWAY & CO.,

WILMINGTON, N. C.

offer for Sale—

500 Hds. Choice New Crop 35 Ceresia CARDENAS MOLASSES.

75 Barrels Choice N. O. SYRUP.

80 Hds. Fair to Choice New Orleans SUGARS.

200 Barrels Choice SUGARS.

500 Bags Rio, Leguira, West India & Java COFFEE.

150 Barrels Mess and Prime PORK.

25 Hds. Western BACON, (Sides and Shoulders).

200 Barrels Yellow Planting POTATOES.

March 25, 1859. 25-6m

BAKER'S COCOA.

A most delicious article for the Sick and Convalescent—Transmuting to weak nerves. Just received by

W. H. WYATT, Druggist and Apothecary, Salisbury, N. C.

21-3m

TO THE FARMERS

OF ROWAN, CABARRUS, IREDELL, DAVIE AND DAVIDSON COUNTIES.

HAVING BOUGHT OUT Mr. Wm. T. Lusk's immense Stock of

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, AND READY-MADE CLOTHING,

I offer to Sell for CASH, the greatest bargain, in the above-named articles, ever offered to the Farming Community.

These Goods are NEW and FRESH—were bought in the New York and Boston Markets for Cash, and FOR CASH will be sold LOW DOWN.

I have had ample experience in business, and I know that the Cash Plan, for buyer and seller, is the cheapest and best that can be adopted.

The Merchant who does a credit business, calculates beforehand for Book-keeping, for laying out of the use of his money, for trouble and cost of collections, for haddels, and so on, the figures on his Goods. Jew him ever so much, when you go to buy, he knows that the expenses and losses incident to the credit system

Must be met by a heavy Profit on his GOODS, or he makes NO MONEY.

and if he sells to you, he gets the Profit.

Not so on the Cash Plan. The Merchant who sells for cash, makes no such calculations; he has none of these expenses and losses to meet. His aim is to sell Low, so as to invite cash buyers. For with the Cash in hand, he can immediately replace his stock on the very best terms, and be again ready for the market.

Quick Sales and Short Profits, IS HIS MOTTO.

The article of SHOES, to every Farmer, is an important one. To know where he can find a large assortment, of all kinds and grades, and where he can buy them upon the cheapest and best terms, is all important. To my already large stock, I am now adding almost daily, and shall continue to do, and buying so largely and for cash, I say to you in the most positive terms, that

I will Sell you One Pair, or a Thousand Pairs of BOOTS and SHOES, CHEAPER

Than you can buy them Elsewhere! FOR THE PROOF OF THIS, CALL AT

J. H. ENNIS' BOOT & SHOE STORE, No. 3, Murphy's Granite Row, SALISBURY, N. C.

March 29, 1859. 17-6

LECKIE & SON,

TIN AND SHEET IRON WARE.

ROOFING AND GUT

